Supernatural; Castiel/Sam, Dean; Dean hadn't thought Sam and Cas could get any more nauseatingly adorable, but whatever they've been dosed with has proven him wrong.

G, nauseatingly adorable = turn them into kittens \o/

"Oh come on, don't do this," Dean said, closing the door behind him. "I left for two minutes, you don't have to - "

Castiel let out the most pitiful mewl and put a paw on Dean's foot.

"I left for two minutes, not a whole day!"

Castiel mewled again and Dean groaned, bending to pick him up, staring the kitty-angel in the eyes.

"Did Timmy fall in the well?"

Cas meowed this time and squirmed out of his hands, bounding over to the bed, and Dean looked, then put his head in his hands.

"No, no no no, come on, not *this*."

Sam (who had been human, last time Dean checked) hissed at him.

"Okay, it's a curse and we need to break - come *on*, don't do that!"

Sam, a big long ginger tom, had decided that Cas (with his long grey fur) needed a bath. Or something.

He was licking the top of Cas' head, putting a paw on his back as he groomed him and Dean had to fight not to coo at them or anything, because, no, damnit, they were *not* adorable.

Not even when Cas began to purr, and then to try to groom Sam at the same time.